it has been no easy task to meet these requirements.

A well-known sculptor has finally become interested, and has undertaken to prepare the model for the die. We may now feel sure that the medals will be of real artistic merit, and in every way worthy of our Institute.

At the outset the committee decided to spend the greater part of the Cabot sum, with Mr. Cabot's approval, on the die, leaving enough for a fund whose interest would suffice to yearly provide five medals, these medals to be of uniform quality, because of the difficulty of determining the order of precedence among the several successful candidates.

Mr. Dooley on the Last Lap.

BY OLGO MARGARET W. GLUCOHE.

(With the usual apologies to Mr. F. P. Dunne.)

"How did ye like to gradyate fr'm Tich?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Foost rate," said Mr. Dooley, "till I woke up and found meself slapin' on th' flure. But it was me own fault, Hinnissy; th' day befure, I'd been drinkin' too freely iv th' wather in th' Tich lunch room, an' it wint to me hid. I wud like to gradyate fr'm Tich if I could gradyate afther me own fastion. F'r instance, I goes be th' Rogers Buildin' on Graduation Day, an' think iv somethin' to look forward to afther he goes home that th' milk an' honey flows.' "Goowan," says th' Tich man to th' angel, "an' ye look it. Go out an' take a thrip into th' country,' says she, 'where th' milk an' honey flows.' "Ye spake in too many parables fr'm me," said Mr. Hennessy. "What does th' Tich man do anyway, th' last few days?"

"Faith, an' he does almost as much as he leaves uncal'd," said Mr. Dooley. "In th' last few days he does ev'rything fr'm holdin' th' rod f'r a surveyor to holdin' a little hand f'r himself. 'Tis a varied life at th' ind iv th' year, Hinnissy, whin a man is changin' fr'm th' overalls to th' driss-suit 'siv'ral times. But it is worth while, Hinnissy; fr th' Tich man will have somethin' to look forward to afther he goes home that th' ind iv th' year, Hinnissy, whin a man is changin' fr'm th' overalls to th' driss-suit 'siv'ral times. But it is worth while, Hinnissy; fr th' Tich man will have somethin' to look forward to afther he goes home that..."

"What coorse wud ye like to gradyate fr'm Tich?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"At this point me guard iv honor says to me, says he, 'What coorse wud ye like to gradyate fr'm? I says he, 'I don't know,' says I. 'What coorses have ye got?' says I. 'We have thirteen coorses,' says he, 'and they are all meat coorses. Don't be bashful,' says he, 'hap ye-ersilf; there's more out in th' kitchen,' says he. 'Thank ye kindly,' says I, 'I'll take thin all, an' bring back what I don't want,' says I. Thon we marches out again to th' chune iv 'Home, Swate Home.' 'That is th' way I wud like to gradyate, Hinnissy. I wud like to gradyate sittin' down.'

"An' what wud ye do fr' a livin' afterwards?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"I wudent need to work fr' a livin',' answered Mr. Dooley; "I'd hire Tich gradyates to do th' work, an' thin I'd have someone to blame if things didn't go right. If I wanted a bridge built, I'd sind a letter to Harry Tyler, sayin', 'Plaze sind at wanst a double-action, reversible civil engineer. Must have no stop-motion, and need not be nickel-plated. I wud prayer wan that is self-startin' an' nonexplosive. I will pay fr' such a wan in weekly installmints, an' if unsatisfact'ry, will sind it back.'

"Ye spake in too many parables fr'm me," said Mr. Hennessy. "What does th' Tich man do anyway, th' last few days?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Dooley. "In th' last few days he does ev'rything fr'm holdin' th' rod f'r a surveyor to holdin' a little hand f'r himself. 'Tis a varied life at th' ind iv th' year, Hinnissy, whin a man is changin' fr'm th' overalls to th' driss-suit 'siv'ral times. But it is worth while, Hinnissy; fr th' Tich man will have somethin' to look forward to afther he goes home that..."

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